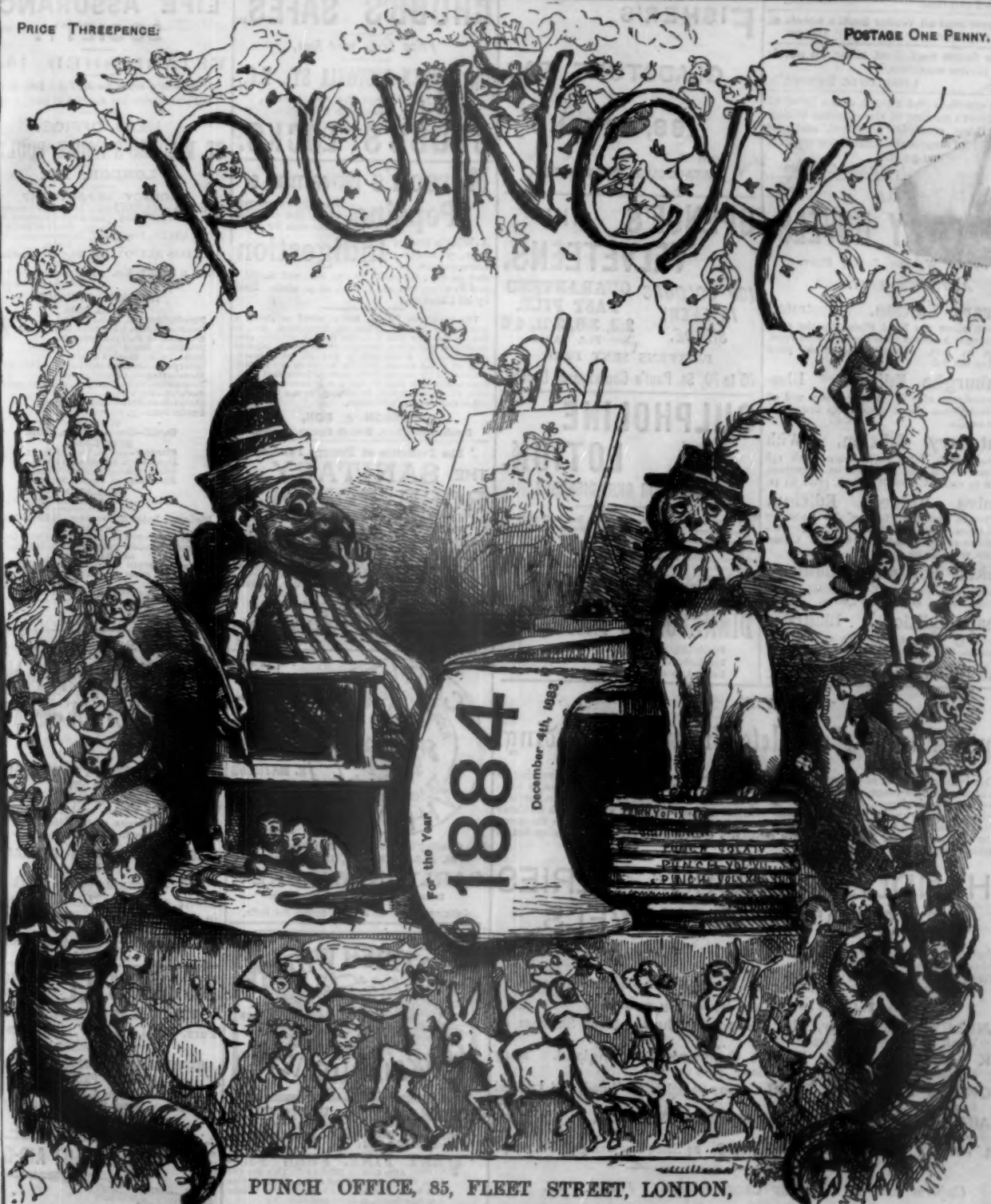


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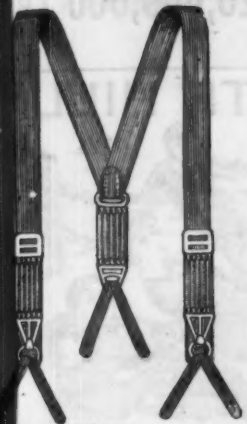
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2	St. Andrew	2	St. John	2	St. Paul	2	St. John	2	St. George	2	St. Andrew
3	St. Patrick	3	St. John	3	St. Paul	3	St. John	3	St. George	3	St. Andrew
4	St. Andrew	4	St. John	4	St. Paul	4	St. John	4	St. George	4	St. Andrew
5	St. Patrick	5	St. John	5	St. Paul	5	St. John	5	St. George	5	St. Andrew
6	St. Andrew	6	St. John	6	St. Paul	6	St. John	6	St. George	6	St. Andrew
7	St. Patrick	7	St. John	7	St. Paul	7	St. John	7	St. George	7	St. Andrew
8	St. Andrew	8	St. John	8	St. Paul	8	St. John	8	St. George	8	St. Andrew
9	St. Patrick	9	St. John	9	St. Paul	9	St. John	9	St. George	9	St. Andrew
10	St. Andrew	10	St. John	10	St. Paul	10	St. John	10	St. George	10	St. Andrew
11	St. Patrick	11	St. John	11	St. Paul	11	St. John	11	St. George	11	St. Andrew
12	St. Andrew	12	St. John	12	St. Paul	12	St. John	12	St. George	12	St. Andrew
13	St. Patrick	13	St. John	13	St. Paul	13	St. John	13	St. George	13	St. Andrew
14	St. Andrew	14	St. John	14	St. Paul	14	St. John	14	St. George	14	St. Andrew
15	St. Patrick	15	St. John	15	St. Paul	15	St. John	15	St. George	15	St. Andrew
16	St. Andrew	16	St. John	16	St. Paul	16	St. John	16	St. George	16	St. Andrew
17	St. Patrick	17	St. John	17	St. Paul	17	St. John	17	St. George	17	St. Andrew
18	St. Andrew	18	St. John	18	St. Paul	18	St. John	18	St. George	18	St. Andrew
19	St. Patrick	19	St. John	19	St. Paul	19	St. John	19	St. George	19	St. Andrew
20	St. Andrew	20	St. John	20	St. Paul	20	St. John	20	St. George	20	St. Andrew
21	St. Patrick	21	St. John	21	St. Paul	21	St. John	21	St. George	21	St. Andrew
22	St. Andrew	22	St. John	22	St. Paul	22	St. John	22	St. George	22	St. Andrew
23	St. Patrick	23	St. John	23	St. Paul	23	St. John	23	St. George	23	St. Andrew
24	St. Andrew	24	St. John	24	St. Paul	24	St. John	24	St. George	24	St. Andrew
25	St. Patrick	25	St. John	25	St. Paul	25	St. John	25	St. George	25	St. Andrew
26	St. Andrew	26	St. John	26	St. Paul	26	St. John	26	St. George	26	St. Andrew
27	St. Patrick	27	St. John	27	St. Paul	27	St. John	27	St. George	27	St. Andrew
28	St. Andrew	28	St. John	28	St. Paul	28	St. John	28	St. George	28	St. Andrew
29	St. Patrick	29	St. John	29	St. Paul	29	St. John	29	St. George	29	St. Andrew
30	St. Andrew	30	St. John	30	St. Paul	30	St. John	30	St. George	30	St. Andrew
31	St. Patrick	31	St. John	31	St. Paul	31	St. John	31	St. George	31	St. Andrew
February xxi Days.		April xxx Days.		June xxx Days.		August xxi Days.		October xxi Days.		December xxi Days.	
1	St. Valentine	1	St. George	1	St. Peter	1	St. James	1	St. Michael	1	St. Martin
2	St. Andrew	2	St. John	2	St. Paul	2	St. John	2	St. George	2	St. Andrew
3	St. Patrick	3	St. John	3	St. Paul	3	St. John	3	St. George	3	St. Andrew
4	St. Andrew	4	St. John	4	St. Paul	4	St. John	4	St. George	4	St. Andrew
5	St. Patrick	5	St. John	5	St. Paul	5	St. John	5	St. George	5	St. Andrew
6	St. Andrew	6	St. John	6	St. Paul	6	St. John	6	St. George	6	St. Andrew
7	St. Patrick	7	St. John	7	St. Paul	7	St. John	7	St. George	7	St. Andrew
8	St. Andrew	8	St. John	8	St. Paul	8	St. John	8	St. George	8	St. Andrew
9	St. Patrick	9	St. John	9	St. Paul	9	St. John	9	St. George	9	St. Andrew
10	St. Andrew	10	St. John	10	St. Paul	10	St. John	10	St. George	10	St. Andrew
11	St. Patrick	11	St. John	11	St. Paul	11	St. John	11	St. George	11	St. Andrew
12	St. Andrew	12	St. John	12	St. Paul	12	St. John	12	St. George	12	St. Andrew
13	St. Patrick	13	St. John	13	St. Paul	13	St. John	13	St. George	13	St. Andrew
14	St. Andrew	14	St. John	14	St. Paul	14	St. John	14	St. George	14	St. Andrew
15	St. Patrick	15	St. John	15	St. Paul	15	St. John	15	St. George	15	St. Andrew
16	St. Andrew	16	St. John	16	St. Paul	16	St. John	16	St. George	16	St. Andrew
17	St. Patrick	17	St. John	17	St. Paul	17	St. John	17	St. George	17	St. Andrew
18	St. Andrew	18	St. John	18	St. Paul	18	St. John	18	St. George	18	St. Andrew
19	St. Patrick	19	St. John	19	St. Paul	19	St. John	19	St. George	19	St. Andrew
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30	St. Andrew	30	St. John	30	St. Paul	30	St. John	30	St. George	30	St. Andrew
31	St. Patrick	31	St. John	31	St. Paul	31	St. John	31	St. George	31	St. Andrew



COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Farmer's Wife (to little Rustic, her Protégé). "WELL, SAM, YOUR MASTER AND I ARE GOING UP TO LONDON FOR THE CATTLE SHOW."
Cow Boy. "OH, I'M SURE I HOPE YEOU'LL TAKE THE FIRST PRIZE, 'M—THAT I DEW!"

JANUARY.

UPON the Ice, 'tis nice to glide,
 A merry maiden by your side!
 The air is keen, the day is fine,
 You think the sport is most divine,
 When skimming o'er the frozen tide.
 To Miss CHINCHILLA you confide,
 How proud you are to be her guide;
 Then try to cut some quaint design
 Upon the Ice.
 With measured motion, rhythmic stride,
 You put on speed and put on side:
 You cut the figures Eight and Nine—
 And sometimes on your back recline!
 Such falls will sometimes come to pride
 Upon the Ice.

ON DITS.—Her MAJESTY has been graciously pleased to accede to the recommendation on the part of the PREMIER to create the Marquis of SALISBURY a Duke.—The Christian Young Men's Society have invited Professor HUXLEY to deliver a Lecture on "Evolution" at Exeter Hall.



HAPPY THOUGHT!

Ambitious Wife of his Lordly Bosom. "I WISH YOU'D GO ON A STARRING TOUR IN AMERICA, MY LOVE, AND TAKE THE CHOIR WITH YOU! IT WOULD BE SUCH A SUCCESS! THERE'S NO CHOIR CAN TOUCH OURS, YOU KNOW—AND YOU'RE QUITE THE HANDSOMEST OF THE ENGLISH BISHOPS!"

FEBRUARY.

SAINT Valentine! The post is late!
 No letters come—'tis long past Eight!
 But on this bright auspicious day
 Frivolity holds laughing away,
 And sober Commerce has to wait!
 The burdened postmen moan their fate,
 This Festival they reprobate;
 And often think they'd like to flay
 Saint Valentine!
 But in these views you'll find Miss KATE
 Does not at all participate;
 And NINA, MARY, FLO, and FAY,
 With DAISY, VIOLET, and MAY,
 Right gleefully commemorate—
 Saint Valentine!

CURIOUS BOTANICAL CHANGE.—Old Almanacks say, "Maidenhair flowers on 31st January." Flowers may now be seen on Maiden-hair all the year round, especially in the evening and at Balls.

SMOKER'S PROVERB.—"I'll 'Weeds' blow apace."

A CHRISTMAS CHAPTER ON "OLD FRIENDS." (By Our Pet Cynic.)



"MR. MIVERS AND MR. BLATT ARE GOING ON A SKETCHING TOUR, PAPA. WHY NOT JOIN THEM?"—"OH, WHENEVER I'M ALONE WITH BLATT, HE PITCHES INTO MIVERS! AND WHENEVER I'M ALONE WITH MIVERS, HE PITCHES INTO BLATT; AND WHENEVER THEY'RE ALONE, THEY FITCH INTO ME!"—"YOU MIGHT ALL THREE KEEP TOGETHER!"—"WHY, WHAT ON EARTH SHOULD WE HAVE TO TALK ABOUT?"



"WHY NOT GO AND SEE SMITH, JOHN, AS YOU SEEM SO DULL?"—"OH, HE'S A BORE! HE DOESN'T TAKE ANY INTEREST IN MY AFFAIRS, AND DOESN'T CARE TO TALK ABOUT HIS OWN!"—"WELL, GO AND SEE JONES, THEN!"—"OH, HE'S SO BEASTLY INQUISITIVE!"—"WELL, ROBINSON!"—"OH, HE'S ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT HIMSELF!"



"LOOK HERE, OLD MAN! YOU'RE ALWAYS TELLING ME ABOUT H.R.H., AND ALL THE DUKES YOU GO SHOOTING WITH, AND ALL THE DUCHESSES WHO CAN'T GET ON WITHOUT YOU!—AND WHEN I TRY TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE BARONET WHO LEFT HIS CARD ON ME BY MISTAKE, AND THE DOWAGER VISCOUNTESS WHO CALLED ON MY MOTHER-IN-LAW ABOUT THE CHARACTER OF A COOK, YOU SUDDENLY TURN ROUND AND ASK AFTER THE HEALTH OF MY UNCLE THE FORK-BUTCHER!"



"ONE NEVER SEES ANYTHING OF YOU, NOW YOU'VE GROWN SO SUCCESSFUL, JONES! I SUPPOSE YOU PREFER NEW FRIENDS WHO FLATTER, TO OLD FRIENDS, WHO TELL YOU THE TRUTH!"—"WELL, YOU SEE, OLD MAN, FLATTERY'S WORTHLESS, WHEREAS TRUTH IS SO RARE AND VALUABLE AN ARTICLE, THAT I CAN'T BEAR TO ENCOURAGE THE LAVISH RECKLESSNESS WITH WHICH YOU ALWAYS SEEM SO READY TO SQUANDER IT—ESPECIALLY ON MYSELF!"



DIFFERENT PEOPLE TAKE DIFFERENT VIEWS.—VENICE ACCORDING TO THREE ARTISTS.

A VENAL VALENTINE.

A DIALOGUE OF THE DAY.

"LADY, may I call you mine?
Fair you are in form and face,
And your singing is divine,
While you dance with perfect
grace:
You would make a winsome
wife,
Tell me, will you crown my
life?"

"Sir, I'm honoured by your
thought,
And the pleasant words you've
said;
I've been fashionably taught,
Or such talk might turn my
head;
I don't ask for brains or birth,
Only tell me what you're
worth."

"I've a competence, my dear,
What's enough for one fits
two;
Just a thousand pounds a year.
Or I would not dare to woo:
Love within a cot, *ma belle*,
But it shall be furnished well."

"One poor thousand! Fie! for
shame!
You presume like other men.
I can't change my maiden name
Under twenty 'thou.' or ten.
Fifty would be better: so,
Gentle Sir, I must say 'No!'"

"But I love you, oh, my sweet!
Has not that a potent spell?"



THE FISHERIES.

First Old Chappie. "AW—AW'LY JOLLY—THE MUSIC, EH?"
Second Old Chappie. "YEA. WOND'AR HOW IT WILL AFFECT THE PRICE OF FISH!"

See, I vow before your feet,
In all years to love you well.
Put my love into the scale
'Gainst the gold, and list my
tale."

"Love 'gainst gold! It kicks
the beam.

'Tis a fancy of old time.
I'm too well brought up to
dream

As the poets do in rhyme:
And the Valentine for me
Need bring only £. s. d.!"

ON DIT.—HIS Royal High-
ness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE,
in compliance with the request
of General BOOTH, will shortly
review the Salvation Army.

THERE'S many a slip
'Twixt the boy and the "tip."
A stitch in the side
Spoils the "sprinter's" pride.
When the "Cat" is away
The Garrotter will play.
A "big pot"
May catch it hot.

CON. FOR SCIENTISTS.—Why
is a decapitated criminal like a
Chinaman?—Because he is at
once be(c)headed and cur-
tailed.

WHY can Venison never be
a cheap article of diet?—Be-
cause it is Deer at any price.

WHY are Irish Debates like
COOK'S Tours?—Because they
are "personally" conducted.



"ARCADES AMBO."

New M.P. (grandly). "THE HOUSE!" Cabby (lately from the Provinces also). "'OUSE!—WHAT 'OUSE?"
 [Explanations in the rain! Cabby said, when he returned to the Shelter, "The language that Ge'tleman give 'im was that ch'ice, he thought he must 'a' been one o' the Irish lot!"]

MERRY ENGLAND IN THE MODERN TIME.

THE phraseology of the period (some of it) seems decidedly to signify a revival of the days of Chivalry. Recently the papers reported a grand "Lawn Tennis Tournament." A little before that, they published accounts of a "Chess Tournament;" and various other contests of all kinds are likewise described as "Tournaments." What next? A Billiard Tournament, perhaps, a Backgammon Tournament, and a Pool Tournament. If a Chess Tournament, why not also a Whist Tournament, and then a Loo Tournament and a Vingt-et-un Tournament as well? Moreover, the boys may have their innings at a Cricket Tournament, and a series of games at Football, dignified with the title of a "Football Tournament," might be placed on the same footing.

Besides "Tournaments" going on in every direction, there are also advancing on all hands to the front large numbers of daring "Champions." The humblest crafts and callings have their Champions now. There is a Champion Bill-Sticker; possibly, too, a Champion Ratcatcher. These bold Knights are understood to advertise and proclaim that they invite and defy competition in their respective industries. To that effect they, as it were, blow their own trumpets. No end of Challenges offered and accepted, and fought out in matches for Challenge Cups, Plates, and similar prizes of victory, appear to bespeak a return to the martial manners of the Middle Ages.

ZODIACAL EQUATIONS.

JANUARY—Aquarius, the Water-bearer . . . = Man Mackintosh-rearer.
 FEBRUARY—Pisces, the Fishes . . . = Sleet cuts us like swishes.
 MARCH—Aries, the Ram . . . = Panes rattle, doors slam.
 APRIL—Taurus, the Bull . . . = The gutters all full.
 MAY—Gemini, the Twins . . . = Mankind requires fins.
 JUNE—Cancer, the Crab . . . = Skies a dull drab.
 JULY—Leo, the Lion . . . = The pavement we fry on.
 AUGUST—Virgo, the Virgin . . . = Autumnal mists merge in.
 SEPTEMBER—Libra, the Scales . . . = Blows thundering gales.
 OCTOBER—Scorpio, the Scorpion . . . = Gut Tennis-bats warpy on.
 NOVEMBER—Sagittarius, the Archer . . . = Night frost, day a parcher.
 DECEMBER—Capricornus, the Goat . . . = World a funeral afloat.

A DOUBLE DONKEY.—An Assassin.

THE TREACHEROUS TIDE.



I SAT on a slippery rock,
 In the grey cliff's opal shade,
 And the wanton waves went curvetting by
 Like a roystering cavalcade.
 And they doffed their crested plumes,
 As they kissed the blushing sand,
 Till her rosy face dimpled over with smiles
 At the tricks of the frolicsome band.

Then the kittywake laughed, "Ha! ha!"
 And the sea-mew wailed with pain,
 As she sailed away on the shivering wind
 To her home o'er the surging main.
 And the jelly-fish quivered with rage,
 While the dog-crabs stood by to gaze,
 And the star-fish spread all her fingers
 abroad,
 And sighed for her grandmothers' days.

And the curlew screamed, "Fie!
 fie!"

And the great gull groaned at
 the sight,
 And the albatross rose and fled
 with a shriek
 To her nest on the perilous
 height.

Good gracious! the place where I
 sat
 With sea-water was rapidly
 filling.
 And a hoarse voice cried, "Sir,
 you're caught by the tide!
 And I'll carry ye off for a
 shilling!"



AN UNRECOGNISED EMPLOYÉ.—Cobbler to the QUEEN.



PRACTICAL HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

How to make Fowls Pay.—Take a house next door to a poultry-yard, where there are at least half-a-dozen cocks shrill and long in the crow, and warranted fine early risers. Now, ask a lot of invalid relatives, all light sleepers, on a visit, and give them back-rooms. In a few days they will be in a state of such dangerous nervous exhaustion that you will be compelled to have recourse to medical aid, call in a local solicitor, employ a night attendant, demand compensation, take

out a summons at the local police-court, and appear yourself in the witness-box in hysterics. Take care to compliment the Magistrate on his personal appearance, and he will suggest a compromise, awarding you substantial damages. By a judicious change of your neighbourhood, from time to time, you will in this way be frequently able to make fowls pay.

"LITTLE PITCHERS."—Two street-boys toosing for farthings.

MARCH.

O, WIND of March! O, biting breeze!
It nips the nose and nips the trees;
It whirls with fury down the street,
It makes us flee in quick retreat,
And gives us cold and makes us sneeze!
It makes us cough and choke and wheeze,
With painful back and aching knees;
With dire discomfort 'tis replete.
O, Wind of March!
It flusters folk of all degrees;
E'en pretty girls and K.C.B.'s
Are not allowed to keep their feet.
It blows Policemen off their beat,
And brings the Doctor lots of fees—
O, Wind of March!

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.—*Simpkins* (with a soul for harmony). What can be more pleasing than a merry peal of bells? *Stubbs* (who considers all music a noise). I prefer a knell. Minimum of nuisance.

SEASONABLE BENEVOLENCE.—*Jaded Epicure* exclaims: "Feed the hungry! Well, of course. Rather, feed those that have lost their appetite!"



ANTIQUITIES.

Antiquary (showing his Treasures). "COLT'S REVOLVER, FOUND ON THE FIELD O' WATERLOO!"
Friend. "EH! BUT I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT—I'D NO IDEA THEY—"
Antiquary. "NO—I DARE SAY!" (With exultation.) "OH, THEY'RE DOOSED RARE, I CAN TELL YOU!"

APRIL.

AN April Day, so fresh and bright—
(*'Twill rain, I'm sure, before the night!*)
We've done with Winter blasts unkind—
(*Don't leave your mackintosh behind,*
'Twould be a fatal oversight!)
In Spring-like garb we'll go bedight—
(*'Tis sure to rain, just out of spite!*
And most perplexing you will find,
An April Day!)
The sky is blue, the clouds are light—
(*I trust your Gamp is water-tight!*)
To sing and laugh we feel inclined—
(*Here comes a storm of rain and wind!*
And hail, that's quite enough to blight,
An April Day!)

CONTEMPLATION.—Observe how *Tray* runs along with his nose to the ground. Happy dog! His path is strewn with roses.

CRY OF A CHOPHOUSE WAITER.—"Stewed Cheshire for One." What, a County at a meal!

PRECURSOR OF HARVEY.—Whoever it was that discovered the Circulation of the Bottle.



GUSH NO MORE!

(Lines for a Lady's Album. By an unfeeling old Gentleman.)

DON'T gush, Ma'am, don't gush; though perhaps you're sincere,
You give cynical wretches occasion to sneer,
For they cannot suppose you to mean what you say,
And they don't understand that 'tis only your way.
To a hasty conclusion although they may rush,
They count gushing all humbug. Don't gush, Ma'am, don't gush.
Don't gush, Ma'am. Did hearers express half they think,
They'd say "Gammon," and "Walker," make faces, grin, wink;

Raise their hands to their noses, thumb-tip to nose-end,
And four fingers the while in vibration extend.
Eh, then what would you do but look foolish and blush?
Pooh! desist from effusion! Don't gush, Ma'am, don't gush.

Gush not, Lady, oh, gush not! Do gushing give o'er.
Oh, pray gush no longer! Gush never, no more.
Cease to talk in so tender and touching a strain,
And, oh, from too flowery language refrain!
Repress mimic raptures, and, e'en though you crush
Unaffected emotions, don't gush, Ma'am, don't gush!

MAY.

A PRIVATE View? 'Tis plain to you
'Tis neither "private" nor a "view"!—
And yet for tickets people rush,
To mingle in the well-dressed crush,
And come and wonder who is who.

The beauties, poets, actors, too,
With patrons, painters—not a few,
Are elements that help to flush
A Private View.

The pictures you can't hope to do;
You're angered by the "precious" crew,
And pallid maids who flap and gush.
While carping critics who cry "Tush!"
And wildly wrangle, make you rue
A Private View.

PUNISHMENT FOR FRAUDULENT BROKERS.—Put 'em in the stocks. Bonds and good securities to follow.

INADEQUATE OFFER.—Edwin. A penny for your thoughts. Emma. Not enough by ever so much. Thinking of a new dress.



IMPROVEMENTS IN SCIENCE.
"THE TELESMELEMICROPHONOSCOPE."
(MAGNIFIES NICE SMELLS AND MINIMISES NASTY ONES.)

JUNE.

In Rotten Row, 'tis nice, you know,
To watch the tide of Fashion flow!

Though hopeless cynics carp and croon—
I do not care one macaroon—
But love to watch the passing show!

You'll find it anything but slow
To laugh and chaff with those you know;
And pleasant then to sit at noon,
In Rotten Row!

When Summer breezes whisper low,
And countless riders come and go;
Beneath the trees in leafy June,
I love to sit and muse and moon—
While beauties canter to and fro—
In Rotten Row!

CAUTION TO THE CARELESS.—Never tread upon a worm unless you are quite sure that it can't turn on you to your grief.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Afternoon attendance for lecture—"two-four time." Dinner in Hall—Common time. Rule for refreshment—Never more than two in a bar allowed.



THE ENEMY.

Horrid Boy (to newly-appointed Volunteer Major, who finds the military seat very awkward). 'SIT FURTHER BACK, GENERAL! YOU 'LL MAKE HIS 'EAD ACHE!'

PRACTICAL HOUSEHOLD HINTS.—How to render an ill-drained House thoroughly habitable.—Having satisfied yourself by the deaths of the three previous tenants, the caretaker, both house-agents, your own Solicitor and the Sanitary Inspector you have called in, that you have some grounds for suspecting the condition of the drainage of your house,—take off the roof, and supply its place with a level lead flat, surrounded by a neat balustrade. On this erect a large cricket-stent, the approach to which will be by a seventy-foot bricklayer's ladder, fastened below securely to the area railings. Now mount with your whole family, asking, as a mere precaution, your Medical Adviser, on a six weeks' visit, just to start you. There will, of course, be some slight inconveniences at first, but you will soon get accustomed to them, especially when reflecting that you have taken the only steps open to you, as the law now stands, of rendering your ill-drained house thoroughly habitable.

PRACTICAL HOUSEHOLD HINTS.—How to ensure yours if a reliable town supply of pure Milk. Fit up your back yard, scullery, or, if the accommodation on your premises is limited, even your back study, as an extempore manger. Now buy a cow,—a short-sighted one is best for your purpose,—at the Islington Cattle Market, and instal it in the quarters you have prepared for it. Begin to feed it at first on such shrubs and evergreens as may be growing in your own and the adjacent front gardens, and when these are finished, take it out after dusk to graze quietly in Hyde Park between 7 and 11 P.M. When detected in this, and warned home by the keepers, you will be able to keep the creature in fair condition for some-time on tinned asparagus. By a little attention and tact, you will thus find that until your cow dies suddenly in a fit, or is removed by a peremptory order of the local Inspector of Nuisances, you will have ensured yourself a reliable, if moderate, supply of pure milk.

LAWN-TENNIS LOBS. (Served by Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



Line Ball.



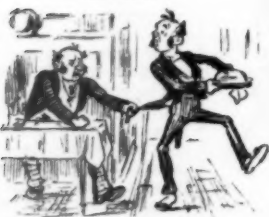
Out of Court.



A Let.



'Vaunt-ago.



Serving Caught.



Screw and Twister.



The "Wrencher (Kenshaw) Smash."



Smart Returns.

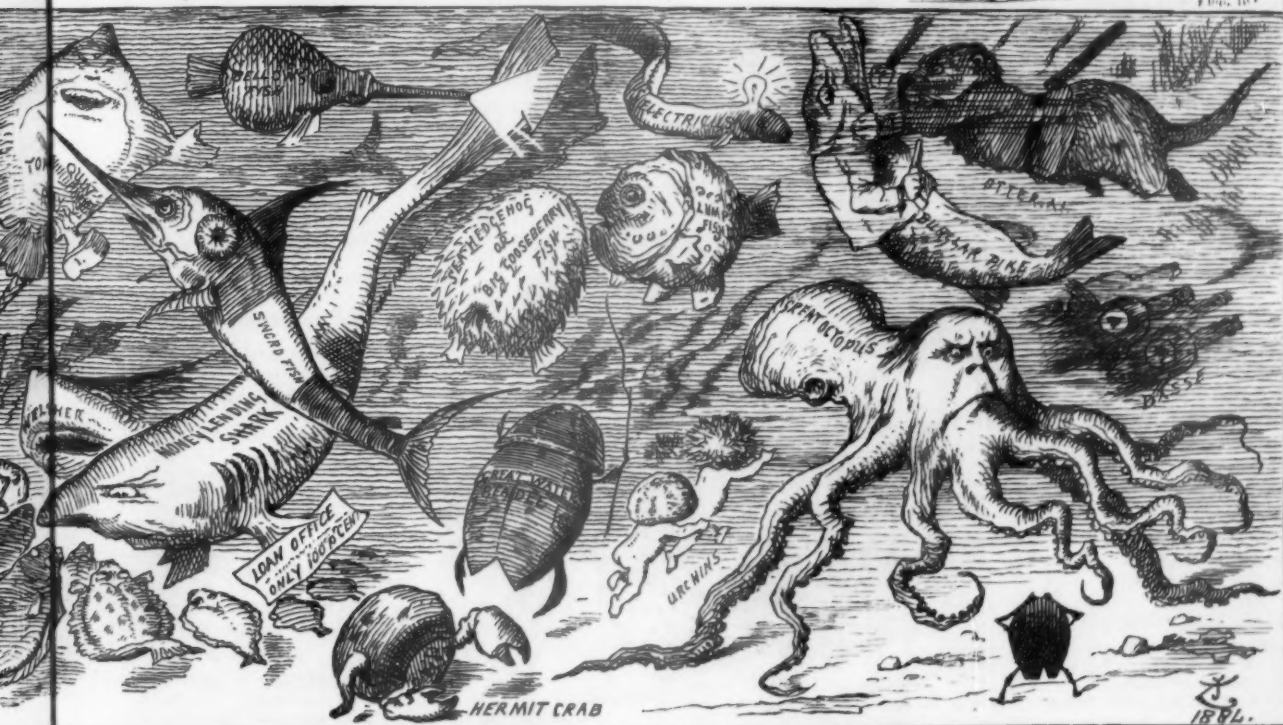
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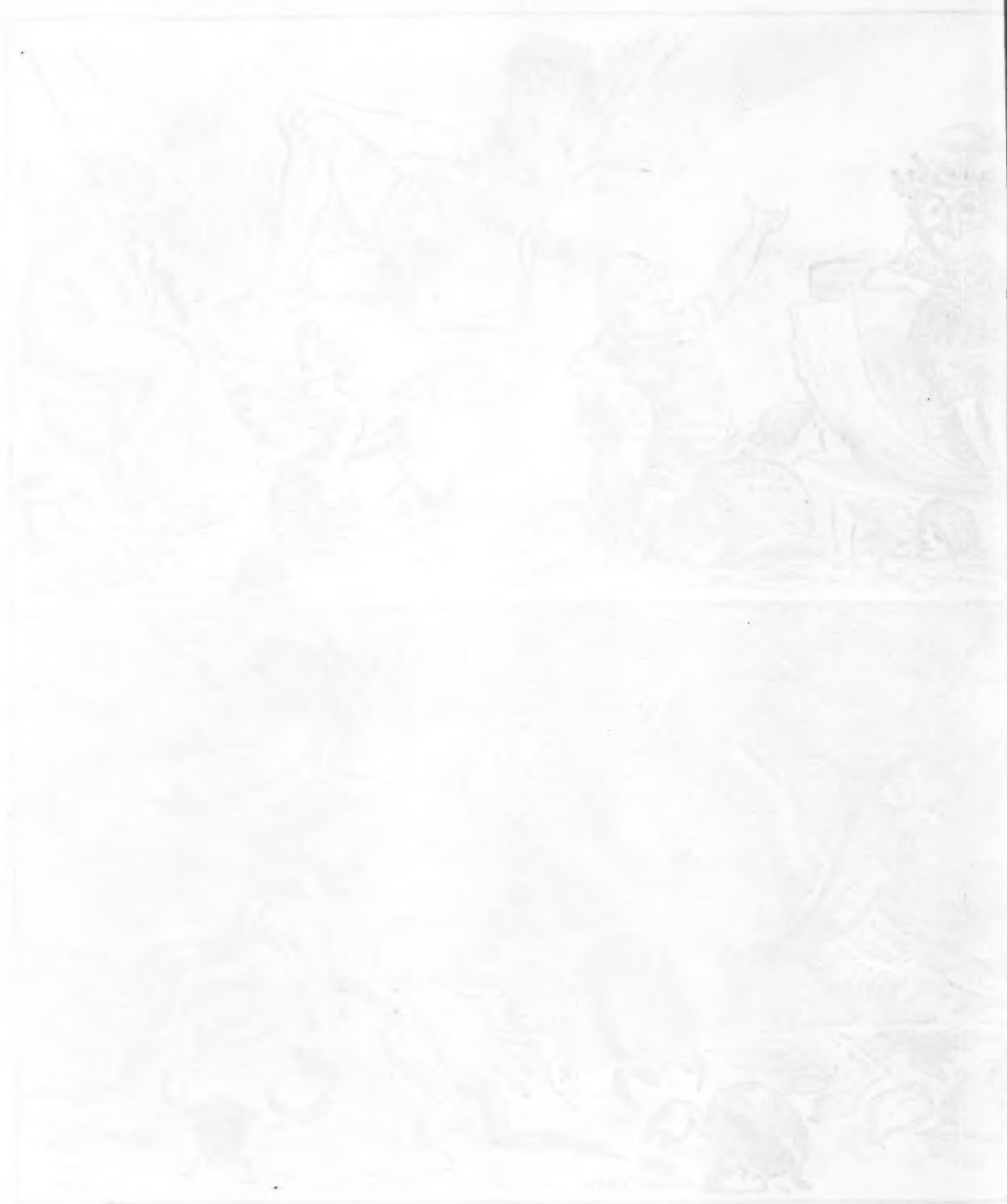
MR. TONGUE'S ODD FISHES



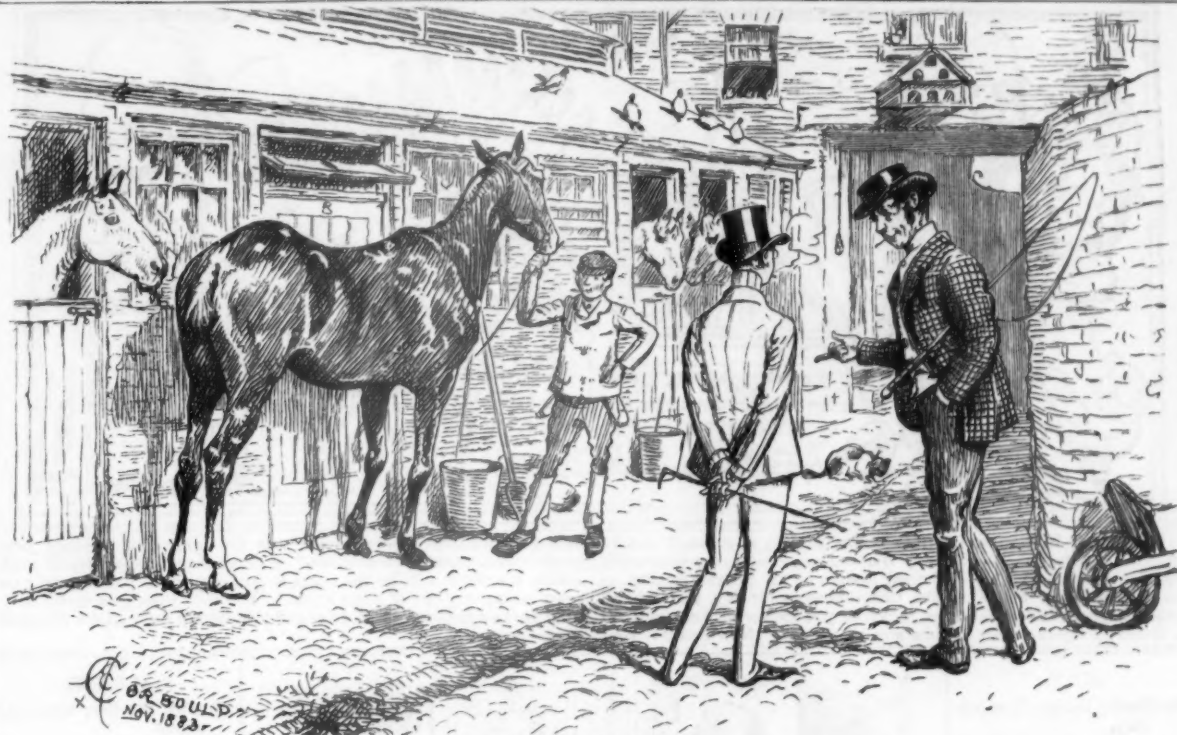
MR. PUNCH'S ODD-FISHERIES



EXHIBITION FOR 1881



EXHIBITION FOR 1881



'UNTIN' SEASON.

Dealer. "WHAT! THAT LITTLE 'OSS NOT JUMP! WHY, I PUT HIM IN A EMPTY SEVEN-STALL STABLE THIS MORNIN', AND WHEN I WENT TO FETCH 'IM OUT, T'ERE E WAS A 'OPPIN' UP AND DOWN OVER THE PARTITIONS JUST TO AMUSE HIMSELF LIKE."

THE TINKLING TRAM.

(By a Victim.)

TINKLE, tinkle, Tramway Car!
Well I'm conscious where you are.
Down below my study high,
Like a demon ever nigh.
When the morning opens wet,
When in fog the sun hath set,
Then you sound to left, to right,
Tinkle, tinkle, day and night!
When to sleep my eyes incline,
Then your bell kicks up its shine;
Up the street and down the street,
'Mid the horse-hoofs' mad-dening beat.
No—detested demon car,
I don't "wonder what you are";
But too well aware am I,
Tinkling horror, ever nigh!

A MERE MOCKERY.—
Talk of Progress—with
Oysters at half-a-crown a dozen!

A "MOB CAP."—The
Cap of Liberty.

A WIFE'S VOCATION.—
Husbandry.



DIAGNOSIS.

"IS THE RECTOR BETTER TO-DAY, JARVIS?"—"NO, SIR; NOT ANY BETTER, SIR!"
"HAS HE GOT A LOCUM TENENS?"—"NO, SIR. SAME OLD PAIN IN THE BACK!"

"TAKE YOUR HOOK!"
(The Straight Tip to Lovers of Peace.)

WHILST the Parties rage,
Whilst the papers wrangle,
Cut the House, don't cut the page;

"Take your hook"—and angle!

Whilst the Critics drub,
Whilst the Artists wrangle,
Shun the Studio, cut the Club;

"Take your hook"—and angle!

Shun the Sportsman's greed,
Shun the Historian's spangle;

With your bird's-eye, or a weed,
"Take your hook"—and angle!

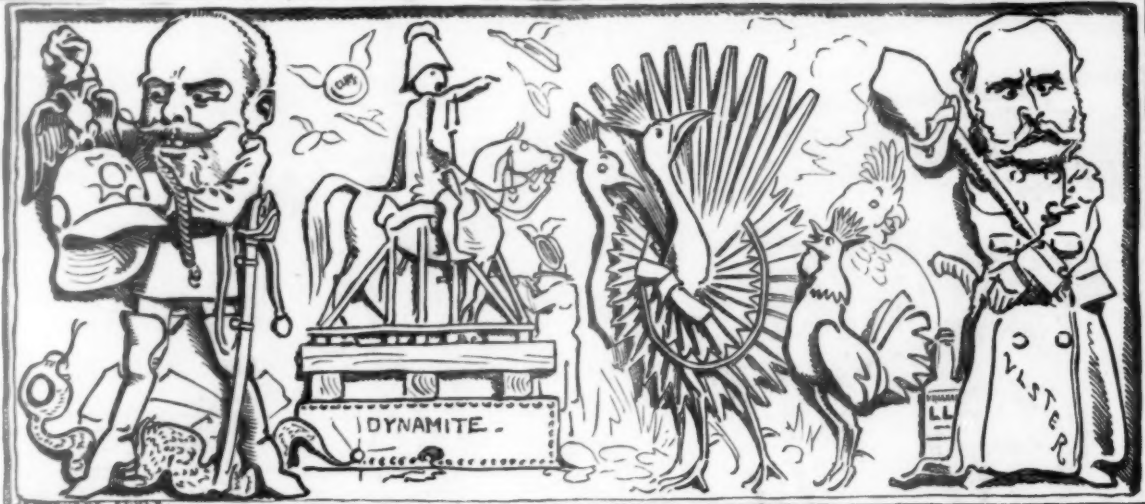
Trust me, would you shun
Worry's teasing tangle,
There is one escape—but one:

"Take your hook"—and angle!

HAPPY HIBERNATION.

Do I wish to be a bird?
No; I am not so absurd.
Had, when frosts of winter come,
Rather be a tortoise, numb.

"SUITED TO A HARE."
—A Currant-Jelly-Fish.
Hope to see one in next Fisheries' Show.



PRACTICAL HOUSEHOLD HINTS.—How to give, at a small cost, an effective and impromptu Farewell Oyster Supper.—Having previously purchased a damaged lot of tinned oysters of an inferior quality, at an extremely low figure, in the City,—name your day, and ask all your friends and acquaintances, to whom you are secretly conscious of a desire to say farewell, to join you at supper. Now produce your

tinned oysters—and nothing else; at the same time bidding your guests “not to stint themselves.” Should they take or reject your advice, the result will be the same, as in either event you may rely on never seeing any one of them again. You will thus, at a small cost, have given a really most effective and thoroughly impromptu Farewell Oyster Supper.

JULY.

ON Henley Bridge, in sweet
July,
A gentle breeze, a cloudless
sky!
Indeed it is a pleasant
place,
To watch the oarsmen go
the pace,
As gasping crowds go roar-
ing by.

And, O, what dainty maids
you spy,
What tasteful toilets you
desory,
What symphonies in fifils
and laeo,
On Henley Bridge!

But if you find a luncheon
nigh—
A mayonnaise, a toothsome
pie—
The chance you 'll hasten
to embrace!
You 'll soon forget about
the Race,
And take your Heidsieck
cool and dry—
On Henley Bridge!

LE SPORT ANGLAIS.

FRENCH readers of Eng-
lish sporting news will
perhaps derive a bright idea
from a recent notice of the
first meeting this season of
the “Southdown Hounds.”
What are “Southdown
Hounds?” Moesoo will
think. “Southdown is not
fox; Southdown is moutons.
Southdown hounds, then,
are mouton hounds. In
Sussex they hunt sheep.
Without doubt it is fine
sport. Let us go do like-
wise!”



VESTRIED INTERESTS.

The Vicar (to obese and panting Vestryman). “THE OTHER GENTLEMEN ARE A LITTLE LATE, MR. MACORMORANT?”

Mr. Macormorant (who has made a hasty meal and hurried off so as to be in time). “YES, SIR; AND I DON'T WONDER AT IT. SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF THEY DON'T COME AT ALL. WHAT WITH TAKIN' AWAY OUR LUNCHEONS, ABOLISHIN' OUR DINNERS, AND CUTTIN' DOWN OUR LIGHT REFRESHMENTS, THE PERFECTION OF VESTRYMAN AIN'T WUTH THE NOTICE OF A MAN OF RESPECTABILITY AND STANDIN'. IT'S A 'ARD THING, AND WERRY 'ARD THING, I SEN, THAT AFTER ALL WE DO FOR THE GOOD OF OUR VELLER-CREATURES, WE CAN'T GET SER MUCH AS A MILD CHOR AND A GLASS O' BRANNYAWATER AT THE EXPENSE O' THE PARISH!”

AUGUST.

BESIDE the Sea, upon the
strand
The sun is hot, the day is
grand:
I think you will agree
with me,
Upon the shore 'tis nice
to be,
Amid the shingle and the
sand.

Your hands get brown, your
face is tanned,
You bathe or noddle to the
band;
Or slowly ride a solemn
“gee”
Beside the Sea.

You pace the pier, you idle
and
The offing never leave un-
scanned:
And study, 'neath some
grateful lee,
The “blue, the fresh, the
ever free”!
The air is pure, your lungs
expand,
Beside the Sea!

A LITTLE MORE THAN KIN.

THOUGH born far asunder,
who says they are not kin,
Bumptious LESSEPS and
bellicose WATKIN? Each
his pet hobby is hot to drive
faster. “The Great Engi-
neer” all the world must
admire, But is much of
opinion that he is—like
Fire—A capital servant, but
dangerous master.

A POST OF DANGER—
That of crossing-sweeping
on a level crossing.



ORDERS FOR TRADESMEN.

As the Aristocracy is now "going into Trade," it may become convenient to fit Titles to our various Commercial Callings and Crafts. Here are a few suggestions:—

For a *Hosier*.—K.G. Knight of the Garter. For a *Soap-Boiler*.—C.B. Companion of the Bath. For an *Armourer*.—K.S. Knight of the Sword. For a *Brewer*.—K.M. Knight of Malt-a. For a *Playwright*.—J.P. Justice of the "Piece." For a *Money-Lender*.—K.G.F. Knight of the Golden "Fleece." For an *Adulterating Druggist*.—M.D.

"Doctor" of Medicine. For ANY Tradesman who has turned Vestryman, and developed the typical "Porochial" Characteristics.—K.T. Knight of the Thistle.

OH!

"In Native Worth," she sang, and her sweet eye,
Turned for approval on her listening cousin.
"Ah! native worth," said he, with a long sigh,
"Is—three-and-six a dozen."

SEPTEMBER.

A FOREIGN TOUR? I apprehend
A hand-bag I should recommend;
A roll of useful notes from
COTTIS,
A pocketful of good cheroots,
And Murray for your faithful friend.

Some French, on which you can depend,
A chosen chum, you can't offend;
Are things to make—with tourist-suits—
A Foreign Tour.

You'll visit "lions" without end;
And all the snowy peaks ascend;
With *alpenstocks* and hob-nailed boots:
Or ride on mules—the sullen brutes—
There's lots of sport, if you intend
A Foreign Tour!

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

INTERROGATION is the thief of time! True, tart Theristes, an ingenious plan, Sir. Time's whirligig may show, malignant mime, A policy of questions does not answer; And that, as aggravation of our Babel, E'en able question may be questionable.



FROM DEE-SIDE.

Piscator. "YES, MY BOY, AIN'T HE A BEAUTY? FORTY POUNDS—THREE FOOT EIGHT FROM TAIL TO SNOUT—FRESH RUN! I'M GOING TO HAVE HIM PHOTOGRAPHED, WITH A FULL-GROWN MAN STANDING BY, TO SHOW THE PROPORTIONS. BY THE WAY"—(faintly)—"WOULD—ER—WOULD YOU MIND BEING THE MAN!"

OCTOBER.

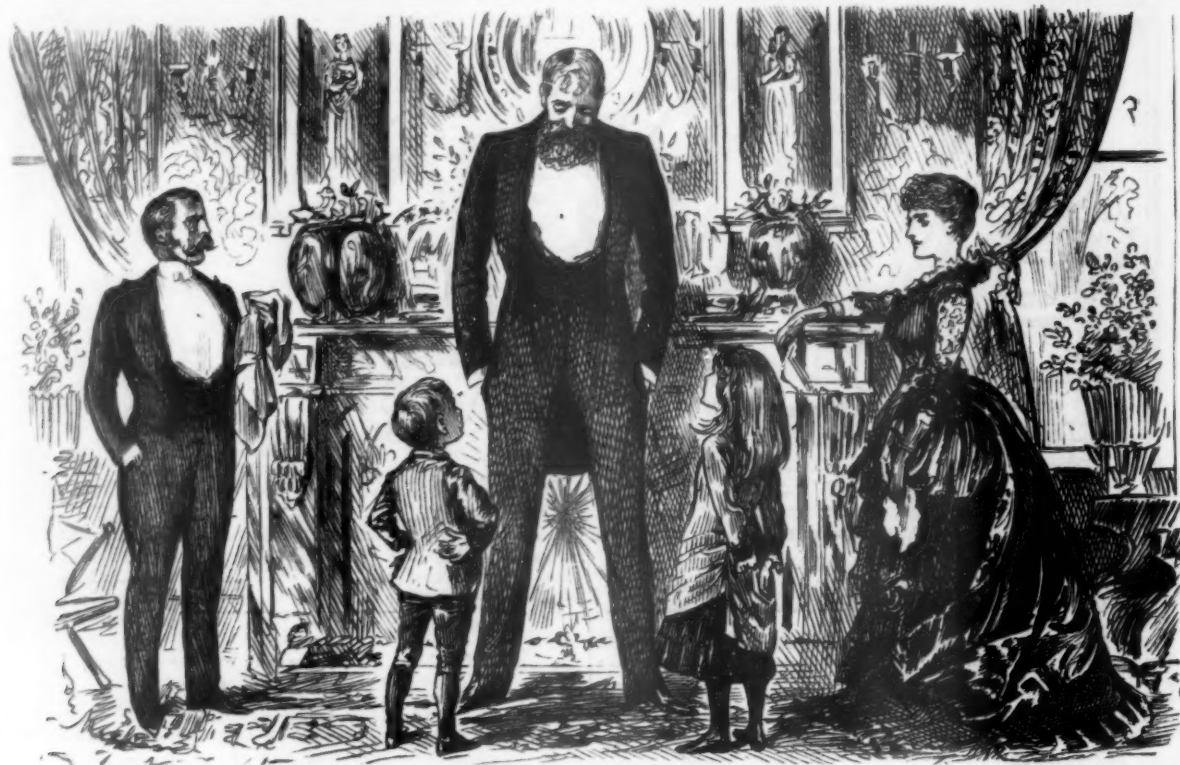
ONCE more at Home!
We've ploughed the main,
We've growled in diligence
and train;
Endured the cold official
snub,
And insolence of foreign
cub—
In Switzerland, in France,
and Spain,
For weeks we've struggled,
all in vain,
Some toilet comforts to
obtain;
But now we hail our
roomy "tub"
Once more at Home.

Though back we come to
fog and rain,
And chills and bills, we
don't complain!
We've heaps of friends,
a quiet "rub"
A pleasant dinner at the
Club—
True happiness we now
regain,
Once more at Home!

RECIPROCITY.

EH? State support to
Doctors? That seems fair
enough; *Me-e quid pro quo*,
if reason rules the rate.
One turn deserves another,
and 'tis clear enough That
Doctors are great pillars of
the State!

THE SIGN "PISCES."—A
"Mackerel Sky."



NIL DESPERANDUM.

Tommy. "DO YOU THINK I SHALL EVER GROW AS TALL AS YOU, MAJOR LONGLEY?"
 The Major. "I HOPE NOT, TOMMY, FOR YOUR SAKE. INDEED, CONSIDERING ALL THINGS, I THINK IT VERY UNLIKELY!"
 Elsie. "OH, AS TO THAT, WE'VE NOT YET QUIN GIVEN UP ALL HOPE OF PAPA AND MAMMA STILL GROWING A LITTLE MORE!"

THE BAFFLED ICEBERG.

A LAY FOR THE HORSE-MARINES.

It was the good ship, *Hear's Content*,
 That sailed the stormy sea;
 And our Skipper had taken no instrument
 To bear him company.

"For I," he said, "am a sailor born,
 And tricks of the sea I know;
 Your lubberly sextants I view with scorn,
 Though the howling winds do blow."

So we sailed away to the Northern Sea,
 My dear eyes! that ship *did* sail;
 She went round and round, as it seemed to
 me.

Like a dolphin chasing his tail.
 And at last we came where the icebergs
 frown'd,
 And should have turned us back,
 But the Captain swore that he knew the
 ground,
 And steered right into the pack.

We stuck there till we were short of prog,
 And it came to shoes and boots;
 With sticks of rum—that was frozen grog—
 And we ate up our Sunday suits.

I may have been pampered when a boy,
 But I don't consider a button,
 With two square inches of corduroy,
 A substitute for mutton.

Then we'd no handkerchiefs, which warn't
 nice,

And you may well suppose
 That even a slab of the purest ice
 Is cold for a sailor's nose.

And the polar bears they seemed to say,
 "We ain't in a bloomin' hurry;
 A *salmi* of sailors will come one day,
 And likewise a bo'sun curry."

So we went to the Captain then, and said,
 "On you we place reliance;
 You ain't got much of a figure-head,
 And you don't go in for science:

"But get us out of this awful mess,
 Or we shall have to kill
 And eat up your noble self." "I guess,
 My boys," he said, "I will."

So he took the ship by the bow and stern—
 For his strength was our Captain's pride—
 And he hoisted her over the whole concern,
Right clean to the other side!

Thus the ship was saved, and I oft repeat
 That I'll take my affidavit,
 There's never a man who could do that feat,
 In the whole of the British Navy.

And this is the tale I always tell,
 Whenever my mes'mates bid,
 For it makes a stranger cry out, "Well,
 I'm jiggered!"—and shift his quid.

VEXED QUESTIONS.—Why *will* that boy
 not bring my shaving-water?—Why *won't*
 the Guv'nor raise my "screw" this quarter?
 Why *is* that door continually shaken so?—
 What *do* you mean by frizzling up my bacon
 so? What *is* the use of trying to please
 Missis?—Why *did* he go without the usual
 kisses? Why *must* it rain on *this* day of all
 others?—How *can* girls live in quiet with
 such brothers?

BON-VIVANT BALLADS.—No. I.

I CARE not whether you're the fry
 Of herring, or a true fish,
 Or if in thee experts descry
 An ancient or a new fish.
 I only swear a man could wish
 No finer thing for sketching,
 And you should figure, fairest fish,
 In EVERSHED'S Thames etching.

On many an evening we know well
 You crown the pleasant revel;
 You're charming cooked *an naturel*
 Delightful as a "devil."
 You come in crowds upon the plate,
 In glad conglomeration,
 And aid sometimes the high debate
 Of men who rule the nation.

You ask but little here below,
 But plain brown bread in slices—
 Well butter'd, lemon too we know,
 And cayenne pepper, nice is.
 Oh, winsome White Bait, dear thou art
 When on the platter lying:
 This tribute of a grateful heart
 May recompense for frying!

VEXED QUESTIONS.—Why didn't I put it
 on *Pope Joan* a bit?—Why *can't* he let that
 bloomin' bell alone a bit? What *does* she
 mean by being so dashed flirty?—Why *will*
 Mamma not let me dance with BERTIE?
 How *can* the Public like his jokes Joe
 Millery?—Why *did* I drink that last half
 pint of Sillery? How *could* I trust in that
 Jew money-lender?—Why *did* I talk to her
 in tones so tender?



EDUCATION'S FRANKENSTEIN-A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.

(Dedicated to the School-Board.)



MUSIC AT HOME. I.

LAMESTABLE RESULT OF INSISTING ON STRICT SILENCE IN THE MUSIC-ROOM DURING THE PERFORMANCE OF GOOD MUSIC.

NOVEMBER.

A LONDON Fog, 'tis always here
At this inclement time of year!
When people hang themselves or drown,
And Nature wears her blackest frown,
While all the world is dull and drear.

All form and colour disappear
Within this filthy atmosphere:
'Tis sometimes yellow,
sometimes brown,
A London Fog!

It chokes our lungs, our heads feel queer,
We cannot see, can scarcely hear:
So when this murky pall drops down—
Though dearly loving London town—
We feel we cannot quite reverse
A London Fog!

VEXED QUESTIONS.—Why must the ice break up just at the holidays?—Why should there come an ending to such jolly days? Why did that Editor reject my ballad?—How could I venture on that lobster-salad?



ACCOMMODATING.

Old Crossing-Sweeper. "CHRISTMAS BOX, YOUR 'ONOUR! I'M BLUE WID THE COULD.
Benevolent but Hermetically Buttoned-up Old Gent. "BU, MY GOO' CREASH'RE, HOW THE DOOCER
D'YOU S'POSE I'M—"
Old C.-S. "AH, DO, SIR, AND I'LL SING YE A LITTLE SONG WHILE YOUR 'ONOUR'S UNDRESSIN'!"

DECEMBER.

'NEATH Mistletoe, should chance arise,
You may be happy if you're wise!
Though bored you be with Pantomime
And Christmas fare and Christmas rhyme—
One fine old custom don't despise.

If you're a man of enterprise
You'll find, I venture to surmise,
'Tis pleasant then at Christmas-time
'Neath Mistletoe!

You see they scarcely can disguise
The sparkle of their pretty eyes:
And no one thinks it is a crime,
When goes the merry Christmas chime,
A rare old rite to exercise
'Neath Mistletoe!

VEXED QUESTIONS.—When will the stupid fellow pop the question?—Why did I listen to that tout's suggestion? How could they go and "sky" my "Dutch Girl Skating"!—Why did they give my novel such a "slating"?



MUSIC AT HOME. II.

ASPECT OF THE MUSIC-ROOM AFTER THE GOOD MUSIC IS OVER, AND SOMEBODY HAS INTIMATED THAT SOMEONE OR OTHER IS GOING TO SING A COMIC SONG.

THE SAGA OF THE SKATERMAN.



Down by the Serpentine,
Found I the Skaterman—
Found him a-wiping his
Eyes with his ulster-sleeve,
Eyes full of scalding tears,
Red with much blubbering.
Red was his nose likewise—
Deeply I pitied him.

"Cheer up, O Skaterman!
Never say die!" says I.
"Cheer up, my hearty!"—so
Tried I to comfort him,
Slapping his back, whereby
Coughed he like anything.
Forth went my heart to him,
Lent him my wipe, I did,
Dried his poor nose and eyes,
Sitting aside of him
Holding his hand. [says,
"Hark to the Skald!" I

"Tell him what's up with thee;
Thor of the Hammer will
Come to thine aid!"
Then spake the Skaterman,
Rumbling with muttered oaths
Deep in his diaphragm,
Grumbling at Thor:
"Blow Thaw and Scald!" he
cried;
"Blow heverythink!" he cried,
Salt tears a-rolling down
Alongside his nose.
"See these here 'Hacmes,' Sir,
New from the Store they are,
Never been used afore,
Twelve-and-six thrown away!
Friga the Frigid came,
Friga, great Odin's wife,
Bound up the river-gods,
Laid out an icy floor
Mete for the Skaterman.
Then I began to hoard,
Weekly and weekly hoard,
All of my savings to
Buy these here things—
Came Thaw, the thunder-god,



Brake up the Ice-bound stream—
Twelve-and-six thrown away,
That's what's the matter, Sir—
Thaw, he be blowed!"
Then, with a wild shriek, he
Upped with his knobby stick,
Smote on the Acme steel,

Smote with a mighty stroke,
Smote it and broke it up
Into small funderkins,
Banged it and smashed it up
Into smithereens.
Shocked, then I left him there,
Grumbling at Thor!

"ROBERT" AT 'AMPTON COURT.

HAVING a little time to spare the other day, at Ampton, I looked in at the Pallace, and inquired of a werry hartistic looking Pleace-man how long it woud take me to ave a look at the Picturs, and he said he thort as how they might be done in about 10 minutes. So I did 'em. And the result as I cums to is, as Pictur Galleries is reg'lar staggerers! I hears sum people, as don't know no better, tork about the wickedness of London. Well I wunders what they'd say if some of the most howdacious of these picturs was put in a shop winder in Cheapside! Take Madame Venus for instance, how she could ever have gone about without catching friteful bad colds and atracting the eyes of the Perlice, I can't understand. There sutenly is one thing as I admires in these imperent old Painters, they was wunderful truthful. If a poor Wenetian Gentleman, who had ewidently not been waxinated, wanted his pictur painted, they painted him accordin, and if one on 'em, like BASSANDCO, painted hisself, he sutenly didn't flatter hisself, for it's one of the werry huggliest faces as I ever seed. CHARLES THE 2ND must have married into a remarkable fine family, as I s'pose as all his Beauties was his Sister-in-Laws.

I never heard of St. William before, but there he is a taking off his armer, and jolly glad he seems to git out of it. Whether Queen ELIZBETH was a beauty without paint we none of us nose, but she sutenly wasn't a beauty with it, not even in her fancy dress and a fany night-cap to match.

I didn't think nothink of the tapistrys, as they've ewidently bin sent to the wash and all the brite cullers washed out, but the Bed-steds was sunthink sublime. I don't suppose as nobody under a prince could ever git a wink of sleep in 'em.

ROBERT.

"TWO NEGATIVES MAKE AN AFFIRMATIVE."—How so when an Agnostic makes an affirmation?

A "DEAD-SET."—Artificial Teeth.



BON-VIVANT BALLADS.—No. II.

THEY may class thee as they will among the genus *Potentilla*,
My Strawberry! *Fragaria* more properly they'd say;
They may talk of evolution and your proper distribution,
Contrasting all your ancestors with what you are to-day.
But to me it doesn't matter, all their wild botanic chatter,
I care not what you were, so long as you are what you seem,
And I know the height of Summer brings you here, its chiefest comer,
I revel in abundance of fresh Strawberries-and-Cream.

When your praises thus I sang, "Go seek the more enticing Mango,"
The Bombay Nabob murmur'd, but I wink'd my dexter eye:
"Yes, at Bombay I would eat it, for I know 'tis very sweet; it
Is absent, though, and happily the Strawberry is nigh."

The ripe Strawberry that crushes like a maiden's rosy blushes,
That crowns the richest banquet with a luxury supreme;
The fair Strawberry that lingers as if loath to leave your fingers,
Till buried in the bosom of the soft seductive Cream.

There's a moral, maidens merry, in this fascinating berry,
And in cream that circles round it, as you know to your delight,
For the Strawberry's completeness comes from piquancy and sweetness,
And Cream supplies the medium in which they both unite.
So do you be sweet and *piquante*, and you soon will know that we can't
Resist the combination, and, while wedding favours gleam,
Let the bridegroom then endeavour to be smooth as Cream for ever—
Thus marriage should resemble pleasant Strawberries-and-Cream.

ADVICE TO A SOLICITOR.—Carrying Coals to Newcastle.

WHIST. (Cut In by Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



Pole, Cavendish, and Hoyle.



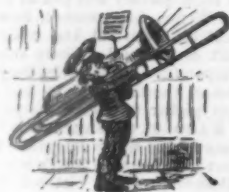
Cut for Deal.



A Rubber.



Honours Divided.



Playing a Trump.



Taking Dummy and Following Suit.



Returning the Lead.



Turn-up Card.



A Missed Eel.



Commanding Cards.



Game in Hand.



Discarding a Week's Soot.

JEAMES IN OLYMPUS.

NO, MARY, 'tisn't falseness, nor it ain't despair nor drink
Wich makes me shun your presinks, and prefer to sit and think.
You're a werry good sort, MARY, and I never knowed you fail.
Take a seat upon the coal-box, and I'll tell you a rum tale.

Them muffinks did lay evvy, and that clarsickle burlesk
At the "Grig" was most golumphus, so scriblime and pisteresk,
That, upon my solemn davy, I'd a feelink strong and odd,
If I weren't a Henglish footman, I would be a Greshun God.

I am not a classick scholar, as to you may be bekown,
Though I've read a bit of *Hovid*,—in translashun I must own.
Which he ain't pertikler proper, but that seems to be a tray
As perwades the Hupper Suckles in a general sort o' way.

Hupper Suckles? Oh, my MARY,
not the nobbiest of the Square:
Can perdooce a fashernable set as
anyways compares
With the little lot I dropt on in
Holympus! 'Ow the dooce
I got there I can't remember, so it
ain't a mite o' use.

The place were slightly waproun,
much like washing-day down
here,
And I found my solid twelve stun
in this misty kind o' speer,
A-standing on a cloud-bank, with
these same substanshial feet,
A-bowing werry low to the Holym-
pian helect.

There was Joopeter—their Boss,
dear—looking wastly high and
big,
With a 'ed of 'air as luxuroun as a
Lord Chancellor's wig;
There was Jewno looking wixeniah
at Venus, and Apoller,
And—I'll not remunerate them,
you'll learn more by what's to
foller.

"By Jove!" I cries, permiakus.
But a party standing there
With a sort o' wing-tipped trun-
cheon, sez, "Young man, you
mustn't swear."
I sez, "Beg yer parding, Bobby!"
Whereupon a general roar
Of larfter showed I'd bin and put
my foot in it once more.

So I lifts my 'ed up 'orty, for I
never could stand chari,
And there's nothink so upsets me
as a hindiwidgious larf;
And I sez, perlite, but hairy, and
without a mite of hor,
"Since my presinks seems amusink
to your Washups, I'll withdror!"

O MARY, my emotion,—but no matter, I'll perceed,—
Sech a sweet young thing comes forward,—werry forward, dear, indeed;
Which her westure wasn't wintry, not by no means, and her look
Was that arch-like and inwiting that my shoulder-knots quite shook.

And sez she, "A fellow-pheelink makes us kind, and I, like you,
Am a sort of hupper servant. 'Ave a liquor-up?—Now do!"
And she takes a rum-shaped goblet, and she puts it to my lips,
And her 'and rests on my buzzum as the tumbler she up-tips.

Well, it couldn't be the liquor, for to tell the truth 'twas queer,
A morkish kin' o' mixture, much like rum and ginger-beer;
And if that's Holympian Nectar, I can only say a chap
In any London Pub. may find a prufferable tap.

But that 'and upon my weakit, and them eyes! I felt a blush
Was a-flamink in my countingance as crimson as my plush.
Now don't weep into the coal-box, my dear MARY, like that there;
There's a lot more yet to foller, so do pray keep on your 'air.

Jove from his throne uprises, and he shouts, "By Sticks, it's JEAMES!
Which to meet him in the flesh has been the fondest of my dreams!"

Sticks his 'olts up in a corner, like some bulging old umbreller,
And sez he, "Are you a wotary of Turpschiorey, old feller?"

"A dance, a dance, Immortals!" And, O MARY, in a twink,
(No, I'm not romancing, MARY, nor I'm not the wus for drink)
I was doing the fantastick in the puffleck form, as you know,
With Venus for my partner, which my wiz-a-wiz was Jewno.

Ah! them Goddesses can foot it; but I think JEAMES 'eld his own,
Wich with Venus's back 'air about a feller's collar blown,
And Apoller's what's-it tootling fetching strains to guide the rush,
A chap as wasn't in it were unworthy of the plush.

"You have 'go,'" sez Afferdity,—that's 'er halias,—"Well," sez I,
"You are pleased to be perlite, Mum. As for you, you reglar fly.
Birds of a feather, ain't we?" "Right you are," sez she, "by Jingo,
The' they do link doves with Venus, while you're more like a flamingo."



"Ah!" sez Jewno, with a hogle
at my plushes sleek and red,
"I shall just cashier my peacock,
and take Mister JEAMES in-
stead."

And they all larfed most rump-
geous, save a female with an owl,
As surveyed the 'ole purceeding
with a solemn sort of scowl.

Then more tippie and a waltz, dear,
and my partner in the swing
Was that sort of 'evenly barmaid,
oh! the chick-est little thing,
Which she said her name was
E. B., and by times we'd waltzed
a minnit,
Jewno's nose was out of joint, and
Afferdity wasn't in it.

Here, MARY, I will leave a sort of
vacuum, if you please.

"Better than Venus? Nonsense!"
sez the wicked little tease.
Then I flops upon a nubly cloud,
and sez, "Ho! 'ear me swear!
Upon my plush, she's jest the sort
for which I do not care."

"She's a passay, offie passay, like a
duchess as once took
A poushng for yours truly—which
I left 'er to the dook.
As I'll leave the blooming bilin'
of the Goddesses for you,
My E. B., sweet as early purl, and
fresh as Mounting Dew."

'Ere I riz myself to kiss her, but
whilst nearing hof 'er lips,
A sort of misty somethink, like a
stage-arrangement slips,
And there was all the Holympian
lot, like himages, behind,
Busting theirselves with larfter, in
the which that E. B. jined!

O, I tried to rally, MARY, but it were too sharp a stroke,
And so, slipping on a cloud, like, I head forward pitched and—woke,
And found myself the victim of a muffink-murdered sleep,
With my 'ed upon the 'arth-rug, and my pillers in a 'cap.

And since that momink, MARY, like that chap, Enjimmyun,
I 'ave bin a moonstruck party for whom life is woid of fun.
Oh, E. B.! you're a wision of 'ot muffinks and cold sleep!
If that coal-box ain't quite full, dear, I will jine you in a weep.

OVERHEARD AT A MEETING OF THE UP-IN-A-BALLOON SOCIETY.

'Arry. Wot's the difference between NELSON and that cove in the
chair?

Charlie. Give it up, mate.

'Arry. Wy, NELSON was a nautical 'ero, and this chap's a 'ero
nautical, to be sure.

BAD WEATHER FOR BUTCHERS. — Frozen meat imported from
Australia. Cold and raw, but fresh and seasonable.

THE FESTIVE SEASON.

How to enjoy good food, which otherwise disorders the digestive organs, causing bilious headaches and impure blood. Use **ENO'S FRUIT SALT**. Also as a refreshing, cooling, and invigorating beverage, use **ENO'S FRUIT SALT**. It is the best preventive and cure for biliousness, sick headache, skin eruptions, impure blood, pimples on the face, giddiness, feverishness, mental depression, want of appetite, sourness of the stomach, constipation, vomiting, thirst, &c., and to remove the effects of errors of eating and drinking.

"We Clamb the Hill Thegither."



John Anderson, my Jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither.

Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo.

THE FESTIVE SEASON.

Experience shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, sweet champagne, dark sherries, liqueurs, and brandies, are all very apt to disagree, while light white wines, and gin or whiskey largely diluted with soda-water, will be found the least objectionable. **ENO'S FRUIT SALT** is particularly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woe is avoided by those who keep and use **ENO'S FRUIT SALT**, therefore no family should ever be without it.

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ACCIDENTAL INDIGESTION.—Before and after the Christmas Pudding use **ENO'S FRUIT SALT**. The Physical Basis of Life—Good Food. How to enjoy good food, that would otherwise cause Bilious Headache, Disordered Stomach, Poisoned Blood, &c., use **ENO'S FRUIT SALT**, prepared from sound ripe fruit, as a Health-giving, Cooling, Sparkling and Invigorating Beverage for any season.

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF LIFE—GOOD FOOD.—How to assimilate or enjoy good food that would otherwise cause Constipation, Bilious Headache, Disordered Stomach, and other disorders use **ENO'S FRUIT SALT**. Being a genuine product of nature, it is a true or natural way of preserving or restoring health. It removes effete matter or poison from the blood, thus preventing and throwing off Fevers, Bolls, and other morbid conditions of the blood. On that account you cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease; without such a simple precaution the jeopardy of life is immensely increased.

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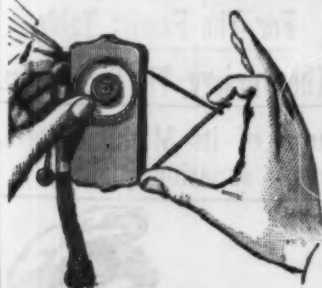
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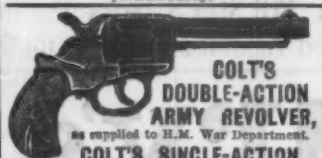
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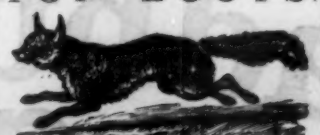
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